WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW-THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

ELLEN ADAIR SEES STEERAGE FOLKS IN MERRY DANCES

Enjoys Her Days Aboard Boat Watching Happy Homeseekers as They While Away the Time.

VIII.

The days flew by on the Atlantic Hner, seven in all. I think those quiet days were happy ones. Among the steerage crowd were kindly felk. The Irlah were the merriest of all, and nothing damped their gay enthusiasm. They danced their native dances on the deck-untiling, unfatigued. A concerting. sadly out of tune, was their sole orchestra. I loved to watch the positi collegns dance, shawls round their heads, and trish eyes aglow. Each goseoon led his colleen to the floor, and in clogged feet they tripped the bapplest

But in the dance Galicians rook the Strangely enough, the nen would dance together, recenting a woman part-I have never seen more graceful dancors than these men. Galician and Italian. The rhythm of the music spurred their feet, and lent imagination o their dance. Strange cries they sometimes gave, but musical-the gondollers of Venice give the same when pitching quiet gondolas along. I almost heard the splashing of the cars in their strange cries, and saw the loggies sparkling in

HAPPY HEARTS ON BOARD. When the dance was over each single man would seek his girl again who, too, with the Italian girls had denced. Together they would share an orange or a kiss. But when that dreadful concertina whoesily began once w man would rush to find his own male

Among the second class above, who Among the second class above, who often watched the steerage dance below. I saw the merry, humorous youth who had traveled in my railway carriage down to Southampton. Each day that had traveled in my ratiway carriage down to Southampton. Each day that boy was with a different girl. Stray scraps of conversation floated down to me, for I had claimed one solitary spot as mire—a coll of rope beside the rall—

and there I nearly always sat.
"I think you are a topping girl!" I'd hear him murmur to his early-morning partner on the upper deck. "I'm really frightfully keen, you know-you look so lovely in this cold, clear wind! I love a strong athletic girl the best-in fact, just

By afternoon his Early-Morning Girl would disappear. I think she spent long hours in that great swimming pool the White Star liner carried So in her stead would come a different

type. The Boy would place two deck chairs in the sun. I glimpsed a fuffy pretty face amidst a cloud of wraps

pretty face amidst a cloud of wraps.
"I hate the sea!" a petulant voice would exclaim. "I never will get up till afternoon, though memma says I'm lazy.'
"You're all a woman ought to be and that is simply perfect," cooled the Boy-oh, base deceiver! "I hate the strong, athletic type-a man likes to protect a girl."

ILLUSIONS OF THE SEA.

hallucinations, too! Up in the first-class set the Married Man, so jolly in the gay deck-sports, so gallant in his manner toward the girls, has now become an object of commiseration and of pity. He is unhapply married as in the specific of the commission of the co The pure ozone of the Atlantic breeze

object of commiseration and of pity. He is unhappily married—so the rumor has it. "Poor fellow!" says the Prettiest Girl on board. "I feel so sorry for that man! At last night's dance he really hinted that he cared for me—and there he's tied up to a wife he cannot love! Poor fellow! It is so sad and strange! To just a day or two hefore I saw him almost weeping as he fondly kissed his pretty wife fairewell upon Southainpton dock. "Good heavens! I hate to think of this beastly voyage without you. Mary!" I had heard him say, with frankly red-rimmed eyes. "Drop me a postcard every day to let me know how all the kiddles are. This four week's trip is just a bit too long." Yes, it was strange! Perhaps the sea had given the Prettlest Girl hallucinations!

The voyage drew at length to its last day. That final morning I rose early and watched till New York Harbor and the great Statue of Libert; appeared. I was deeply impressed by the lovely was deeply impressed by the toyens statute with the heautiful strong face and high imperious arm. She seemed to becken lonely emigrants onward, onward

becken lonely emigrants enward, enward to peace and prosperity.

We slowly sailed up the North River and the swarming river-craft looked strangely foreign to my English eyes. The landing at New York was a long and tedious business. Protracted interviews took place with dectors, immigration authorities, customs men. I began to wonder and to doubt if America could really be the land of freedom and of liberty after all. When all formalities had been gone through, and they do not make it easy for a girl to land alone, I scanned the feets on that great wide dark. I areasy

time. No uncle * as it sight "The time own," said I to invest in a westerbe optimistic spirit, "he will certainly be at the Philadelphia terminus."

THE RETURN TRIP. In half an hour my luggage was transferred, and I stood awed within the portals of the finest railway station in the world. I thought I must be back in dear Saint Paul's Cathedral once again No sign of smoke or trains was there, and yet its name was Pennsylvania Railroad Station. In the hush of its vast bread.



AN INCOMPLETED COSTUME WHICH AWAITS A FINAL FITTING FOR ITS LAST TRIUMPHANT STITCH

silently that one sourcely heard a sound. The prevalent air was one of method, beauty and a silent quick dispatch. Our English stations would do well to copy

In a few minutes I was off, and flying through the flat country that lies between New York and the city of Philadelphia. The painted wooden houses seemed so strange, like great big toys and Noah's Arks-I could not think that they were really farms. I saw such strange new trees, too, and new flowers, and great advertisements flored in the fields. Strange weeds grew in the marshes towering high, and through the carriage window shone the hottest sun I've ever known. Such heat was new to me, an English girl. I did not like that blating, burning sun. I wanted a cool shade, and one quiet sleep. But Philadelphia was drawing close, and that meant The painted wooden houses delphia. phia was drawing close, and that meant friends, and hope, and a new life I closed my eyes and pictured happiness.

RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

LIVER STUFFED.

Choose a calf's or sheep's liver. Lard it carefully with little pieces of fat bacon. Prepare a stuffing of breadcrumbs, thyme. parsier, a little piece of lemon rind, 2 ounces of suct, and mix with a little milk. Grease a small baking the spread the stuffing in the th, lay the liver over and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

ENGLISH TEA CAKES.

ingredients, is pound of flour. I ounces of butter, I tempounful baking powder. I ounces of susar. Rub butter into flour. add sugar and baking powder, mix to act paste with milk, roll and out into wounds 2, frield thinks, Bake in quick Eaten hot or cold, cut open and butter,

LENTIL SOUP. What it's nounds of lentils, peel and the one small marrot, 2 notations, 2 onlons and cut small enough turnip and celery to and cut small enough turnip and colory to fill a teacup. Fry the onions in a little ciripping till brown; add the remainder of the vegetables and fry also for a few minutes. Now add the lentils, with 2 quarts of water, or stock made from a marrow bone. Simmer for two hours, and then pour all through a sieve. Return to the saucepan, season with salt and pep-per, stir in a little dripping or butter, beat our and serve with crissly togsted



FASHION'S LATEST WORD IN DESIGNING OF PERFECT GOWN

While Prospective Wearer Awaits Verdict as to What Is Becoming.

The pattern gowns and robes that are already so nearly made are being sold in some places with a sketch of the finished garments that attll further simplifles their construction.

And now the sketch is made while you wait, so to speak, for an artist appears and studies the purchaser's points as to coloring and figure before making the drawing

The novelty of the idea, as well as the exclusiveness, no doubt, sells many robes. And, although it may owe its origin to its commercial value solely, it has an idea behind it that is the beginning and the end of all wisdom in the

So great an authority as Lady Duff-Gordon, whose London shop has such tremendous prestige, talks and writes fashions to one end-that the fashion must be modified to suit the individual.

In other words, that the very first law
is to wear what is becoming.

Correspondence of general interest to women readers will be printed on this page. Such correspondence should be addressed to the Woman's Editor, Evening Ledger.

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

SIX little crayon pencils stood in a row in a little celluloid case on Tommy's desk.

Each stod up straight and tall with its sharpened nose erect in the air.

Tommy was very proud of his pencils and he often sat in front of his desk and looked at them. desk and looked at them.

"I wonder which one will get worn out first," he thought to himself, and ie counted over the colors carefully "Red, brown, green, yellow, purple and blue; of course, they're all very nice, but somehow red seems to b

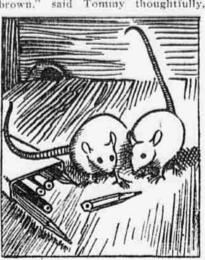
Then he hunted up some magazines

so he could color the pictured adver-tisements in the back. Exp "I think I'll color this picture first," scarce he said, as he found the picture of a big automobile. Then he looked his encils over to decide what color it

'Of course it will be red," he said, after much thought, and he set to work making the most gorgeous red automobile you ever saw!

To be sure he put green grass and some yellow daisies at the side of the automobile; he made the road brown and the sky blue, but for all that the picture was red-very red.

Then he found a picture of a big story. "Maybe I ought to make this own." said Tommy thoughtfully,



building. But brown was so dull he didn't like it at all, so he decided to color the building red-red brick, of

By the time that was done the red point was all worn off and Tommy's father had to make a new one. That, of course, made the red pencil shorter. but Tommy didn't care-he had his red pictures-what did the length of the pencil matter?

Over and over, every day the same thing happened!

The magazines became full of red colored pictures, for Tommy colored everything from canoes to garbage cans the same gaudy color. And the poor little red pencil grew shorter and shorter, till it was only a tiny stub,

barely sticking above the white case.
Then one night something happened
—what do you suppose it was?
At the mystic hour of midnight,
when you and Tommy were both
asleep; at the very hour when all

siteep; at the very hour when all sorts of queer things happen, those crayon pencils began to talk!

"Oh, dear, I don't see why nobody likes me." grumbled the brown one; "here I have never even been sharpened but once!" And he looked very mournful as he aired his grievance! "I wish I wasn't so popular," groaned the red pencil sadly, "I'm nearly worn to death with hard Just then two little mice came

snooping 'round to see what they could find to nibble. They heard the red pencil speak, so they hurried up to see what he was like. "Nice soft wood, better try some,"

said one. "Let's see what's inside," said the

other. They nibbled away till the red pencil was ruined, then they scampered off to the pantry in search of something more filling.

And how do you suppose poor Tom-my felt the next morning when he found his beloved red pencil all ruined? Tomorrow-House Hunting.

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SOLDIERS OF TIN FILL YOUNGSTERS' **HEARTS WITH JOY**

Reflection of War on Toy Market-No Scarcity in Supply of Playthings of All Kinds.

Here's good news for you, boys and

Expensive toys, which have been so scarce since the war was begun, are now to be had in abundance, and even if peace is not declared within five years the nursery will not suffer to any extent. On your doll's piano, your sied, or that fine drum that you have been using for many years you have noticed the words

most all of your best playthings these words appear. But conditions have changed since the European armies were assembled, and hereafter on many of your toys will be printed in great, broad letters "Made in America," And, by the way. Philadel-

phia boasts of the largest toy factory in the United States. When commerce between this country

s id the German empire was discontinued the toy merchants were frantic. Their business depended almost entirely upon importations. Toys of a certain kind were plentiful enough here, but the delicate tin playthings, dolls that make speeches, and all of those things which are typically German were not obtainnole here.

The American toy man is resourceful. He decided that, as far as possible, what can't be had from Germany shall be nade in the United States. Consequently, buttonholes. The touch of black that contributes to the artistic success of some of the most delicate and ethereal costumes the domestic product won't jet. made in the United States, Consequently, many of the factories are now producing goods that have hitherto been sold only

be quite as good as the European, or per-haps some foolish children will be disappointed by their failure to see "Made in Germany" on their playthings, but the average American child will be as happy as ever with his American-made boats,

dolls, guns and games. To please the exceptional youngster who won't be content without the foreign kinds a shipp will sail to this country every week bearing a few toys of European manufacture. The goods will be shipped from the German factories to Holland or Sweden and from the ports of either of those countries the toys will be shipped to New York.

So there is no reason to worry about playthings while the troubles of school are just beginning. Santa Claus' chief assistant, the best known toy man in Philadelphia, said today that of all things that he has in stock tin soldiers are in greatest demand.

While mothers and fathers are talking of the terrible times in Europe, it is only natural that the little ones should be thinking of military matters. As a result, every boy who is having a birthday just now is anxious for a set of 'Made in Germany." In fact, on al- soldiers.

They always were a favorite among children, but now they are liked more than ever. Some make believe soldiers are made in America and some in Germany, and it is hard to tell which brand is best. The large toy factory in this city is now making cannons that shoot rubber balls. They make a noise that Automobiles made entirely of wood are now on the American market. They are being sold in large numbers because whether you kick them or hit them, throw them in the street or stamp your foot on them, they won't break. Airships are as popular as ever.

JET TRIMMINGS IN VOGUE The glitter of let is seen on many of the creations of the season. It is riding the wave of popularity—and jet motifs, bands, wide and narrow, and balloons of different cut and size trim frocks and

Jet buttons in olive and diamond shape are used with loops of silk instead of

YOUTH AND AGE

HERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes away

The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down; It cannot feel for others woes, it dare not dream its own; That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears. And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

O, could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been.
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanished scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be.

So midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow to me

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness Are driven o'er the shouls of guilt or ocean of excess: The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain

When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay; "Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fost, But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ore youth itself be past.

COURTING A SPANISH GIRL Nowhere Else in the World is Cus-

In no other country in the world does the process in courting proceed on such unique lines as in Spain. In no other country does love at first sight so from quently lead to marriage. The young unmarried girl of good social position never walks in the street unless accompanied by a chaperon, and it is quit permissible for any man who is attracted by her to follow her. He must not walk abreast of her, nor ought he, on the first occasion, to speak to her. Having ascertained where she lives, if he is

sincers in his pursuit, he makes frequent

appearances under the window, and con-

tinues to follow her when she and hes

chaperon go out.

PROCEEDS ON ODD LINES

tom So Novel.

If the lady intends to respond, she will presently make an appearance on the balcony and enter into conversation with him. He may even talk to her whan she goes out, and her chaperon will turn a deaf car when the lady coyly throng replies over her shoulder. In this some what extraordinary way each discovers the social position of the other, and then if independent inquiries made by parents and guardians are quite satisfactory, the little flirtation from the balcony pursues an uninterrupted course, and the man gradually attains a recognized position as his adored one's novio.

For months the bashful couple will linger at this pleasant stage. But a length the times comes when the novio he received into the girl's home and meets her parents. He is, however, never for one moment left alone with her, and and evening in the Castellano in Madrid you may see young couples in this stage walks ing out, accompanied by a deaf mute lady! The tram cars in Madrid are constructed with seats for two on one side of the gangway, and a single seat on the other; the single one is known as the chaperon's.

chaperon's.

While these pleasant stages are drifting on, either party is free to end the friendship, but at last comes the time when the novio, plucking up all courage, goes through the formal ceremony of asking for the lady's hand. If this is duly granted, there is then an official because it which is usually followed by a trothal, which is usually followed by a wedding within a few weeks.



with

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